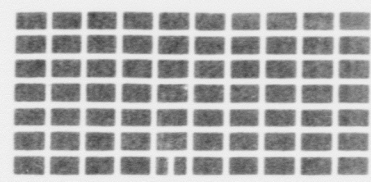


MARLENE DIETRICH LIVES

moore college of art 20th Street and the Parkway Philadelphia, Pa 19103



moore

↑ Where Tina works

S. Robert Powell
8 Hendrick Lane
Carbondale, PA 18407

Hello Fantomas,

100 thank yous for the rather marvellous present of New Year's Eve 1983.

An additional hurrah (thank you) for the insurance information.

Darrell called me at MOORE at 10:45 the morning after I talked with you on the telephone. He is prompt. That is certain.

This morning I was walking on Market Street (All Market Streets are definitely simultaneous) and heard a sound that sounded very much like the opening glissando of RHAPSODY IN BLUE (I'm now recalling your BLUE SUIT, ELVIS' BLUE MOON, LOUIS' I'M BLACK AND BLUE and I'm sure this could go on forever and Robert isn't art grand?)

Tina

13 January 1984



FRANK O'HARA

Fantomas?
Fantomas?

WHY I AM NOT A PAINTER

I am not a painter, I am a poet.
Why? I think I would rather be a painter, but I am not. Well,

for instance, Mike Goldberg is starting a painting. I drop in. "Sit down and have a drink" he says. I drink; we drink. I look up. "You have SARDINES in it." "Yes, it needed something there." "Oh." I go and the days go by and I drop in again. The painting is going on. and I go, and the days go by. I drop in. The painting is finished. "Where's SARDINES?" All that's left is just letters. "It was too much," Mike says.

But me? One day I am thinking of a color: orange. I write a line about orange. Pretty soon it is a whole page of words, not lines. Then another page. There should be so much more, not of orange, of words, of how terrible orange is and life. Days go by. It is even in prose, I am a real poet. My poem is finished and I haven't mentioned orange yet. It's twelve poems, I call it ORANGES. And one day in a gallery I see Mike's painting, called SARDINES.

This unexpected letter from Dup's friend, Tina, arrived today. No present: a blue and red draw-string purse that belonged to Rebecca + some of Rebecca's handkerchiefs. No "insurance information" -- I put her in touch with my insurance agent -- Mr. Jones from Taylor. "Marlene Dietrich" -- I played one of her albums on New Year's Eve.